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powers, could inspire her with real passion, irresistible through filling her with agony and terror. Her father's murder by Don Juan's hand, her affiance to the cold, effeminate, common-place Don Ottavio, whom she once fancied she loved—the inwardly devouring flame of unholy love which flashed up and burns on, changed to glowing hatred;—all these conflicting emotions tear her breast; she feels that only Don Juan's destruction can bring peace to her soul, martyred by deadly torments; but this peace will be her own spiritual annihilation. She unceasingly urges her ice-cold bridegroom to revenge—she herself pursues her betrayer, and only when the dark powers have dragged him to their abyss, does she become calmer; her restless thirst of vengeance is quenched, but she finds no consolation in the tame affection of Don Ottavio, and answers his persuasions with "*Lascia, o caro, un anno ancora allo sfogo del mio cor.*" She will not outlive that year—Don Ottavio will never espouse her whose pure soul alone prevented her remaining the devoted bride of Satan. How inwardly did I feel convinced of all this during the heart-rending tones of the recitative and the recital of the nocturnal assault! Even the song of Donna Anna in the second act, "*Crudele*," which, superficially viewed, appears merely addressed to Ottavio, expresses in its pathetic notes and strange allusions, the inward struggles of a soul, despairing of every earthly happiness; what else can mean the mysterious words: "*Forse un giorno il cielo ancora sentirà pietà di me?*"

Two o'clock strikes! a warm, electric breath passes near me—I recognize the scent of a delicate Italian perfume, which last evening first led me to suppose a female neighbour; a rapturous emotion takes possession of me, which I could only express in music. The wind blows gustily through the empty theatre; the chords of the pianoforte in the orchestra vibrate. Oh, heavens! from afar off I seem to hear Donna Anna's voice, borne towards me on the wings of aerial harmonies! Unfold thyself, thou distant, unknown spirit-world—thou Djinnistan of glory, where unspeakable ecstasies and overwhelming joys fill the enraptured soul above measure and beyond all earthly imaginings; let me join the circle of thy beauteous apparitions; let dreams, through which thou dost disclose to man unutterable bliss, while the body lies in leaden bonds of sleep, convey my spirit into thy ethereal realm." *****
(*Next day's conversation at the table d'hôte, as post-script.*)

FOOLISH-WISE MAN WITH SNUFF-BOX (*tapping loudly on its lid*)—It is really vastly disagreeable that we shall not be able to hear an opera again for some time; this comes of that cursed exaggeration!

MULATTO-FACE—Yes, yes; I've said so often enough; the character of Donna Anna always fatigued her excessively; yesterday, she was like one possessed; they say she was in a swoon all the time between the acts; and, during the scene in the second act, she had hysterics.

INSIGNIFICANT PERSON—Indeed? Dear me!

MULATTO-FACE—Yes; I assure you—hysterics, and could not be got off the stage.

MYSELF—For heav'n's sake! Hysterics are not of consequence. We shall soon hear the Signora again?

FOOLISH-WISE MAN WITH SNUFF-BOX (*taking a pinch*)—I hardly think so, mein Herr, for this morning, at two o'clock precisely, the Signora died!

CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE Saturday Concerts at this establishment, (which are now looked forward to with real interest both by amateurs and professors,) commenced on the 2nd ult., under the able direction of Mr. Manns. The principal novelty has been a bright overture of Schubert's, written at the age of 18, for a little Operetta, called "*Die beiden freunde von Salamanka.*" This composition was received with that favour which so graceful and genial a work must always command, even from those who are profoundly impressed with the riper genius evinced in the composer's later productions. Another overture, in C, by Beethoven, almost unknown, has also been performed; and we need scarcely say that, although not equal in merit to the great works of this class already popular, it is fully worthy of the reputation of its composer. All the instrumental portion of the programmes at these concerts have been uniformly good; but we much regret that Claribel's trashy ballads should find a place at performances which profess rather to educate, than to administer to the public taste.—On Saturday the 23rd ult. Handel's *Acis and Galatea* was given with much effect, the principal parts being assigned to Madame Florence Lancia, Mr. G. Perren, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Edward Connell.

A VERY excellent series of Monthly Popular Concerts has been organised by Mr. Ridley Prentice, at the Angell Town Institution, Brixton. The programmes will be selected on the plan of the Monday Popular Concerts, at St. James's Hall. The names of Messrs. H. Blagrove and Weist Hill are announced for the first violin, Messrs. Amor and Ralph for second violin, Messrs. R. Blagrove and Burnett for viola, and Messrs. W. H. Aylward and W. Pettitt for violoncello, Mr. Ridley Prentice being the pianist. Several favourite vocalists are engaged; and the enterprise promises and deserves success. The first concert took place on Thursday the 21st ult.

AN evening concert, under the able direction of Mr. Constantine, was given at the City of London College on the 14th ult., the principal vocalists being Miss E. Robertson, Madlle. Cecile Valverde, Mr. J. Thurley Beale, and Mr. Stedman. The first part contained selections from *St. Paul* and *Elijah*, the choruses in which were very carefully rendered, Miss E. Robertson sang "*Jerusalem*," with much feeling; "*O God have mercy*," and "*If with all your hearts*" were rendered with excellent effect by Mr. J. T. Beale and Mr. Stedman, and Madlle. Cecile Valverde gave "*O rest in the Lord*" with good expression. "*Gratias Agimus*" was also well sung by Miss E. Robertson and deservedly encored, the playing of the Clarinet *obbligato*, by Dr. W. H. Stone, materially enhancing the effect. In the second part, which was entirely secular, several choral pieces were excellently given. Mr. Docker admirably accompanied the vocal music.

A CONCERT took place on the 12th ult., at the Cambridge Hall, Newman Street, in aid of the Sloane Street (West End) Welsh Chapel Building Fund. The principal vocalists were Miss Evans, Miss Lloyd, Miss M. A. Williams, Mrs. Francis, Mrs. Williams; Messrs. John Evans, Edwin Jones, T. E. Thomas, E. W. Evans, Davies, Griffiths, and Francis. The chorus numbered about forty, Mr. Griffith Jones being the conductor, and Professor Barrett the accompanist. There was a full attendance, giving reasonable hope that the fund has profited by the performance.

THE Islington Choral Association gave a Concert on Thursday evening the 7th ult., which was thoroughly successful. The programme contained selections from the *Twelfth Mass*, *Messiah*, *Creation*, *Judas Maccabeus*, *Saul*, *Eli*, *Solomon*, and *Engedi*. Miss Riseam's singing of "*He was despised*," was much admired; and Mr. Platt was encored in "*Sound an alarm*." The other solo vocalists were Miss Dixon and Mr. Hubbard. The room was crowded.